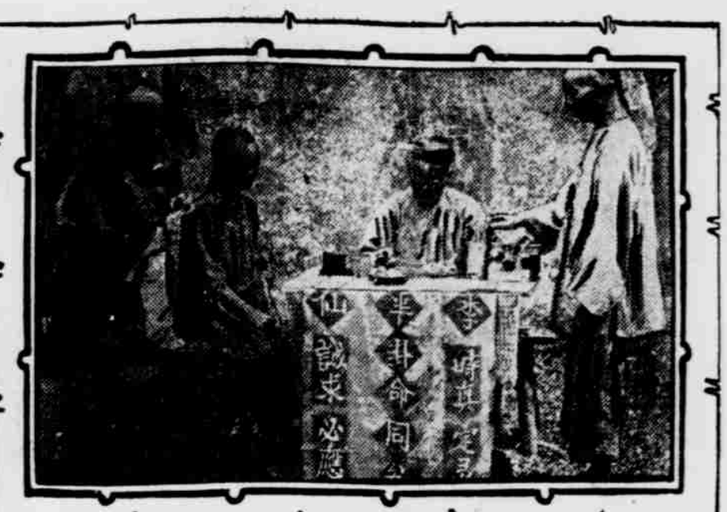
A QUIET GAME.



FORTUNE TELLERS ARE CONSULTED UPON EVERYTHING.

A GAMBLING GAME PROHIBITED IN HONG KONG AFTER ELEVEN P.M.

THE MONTE CARLO OF ASIA.

A Visit to the Gambling Hells of Macao, Where Fortunes Are Lost and Won at Fan-Tan.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Macao, Nov. 21.—I write this in the Monte Carlo of Asia, in the great gambling hell of Macao, where fan-tan runs riot. Day and night, Sundays and week days, year in and year out, these gambling-houses are open. This is the center of the lottery system of West Asia. The Manila Company has moved here, and the fortunes which went to the Philippines now come to Macao. The chief gambling is in fan-tan, in which thousands of dollars are lost and won every night by betting on the number of copper cash under the bowls.

In a Chinese Gambling Hell.

I am sitting in a gambling hell as I write these notes. It is in the heart of this Portuguese capital, on the Rua de Jogo, the street of the gamblers. It is midnight, and the pavement is thronged with hard-faced Chinese, running to and fro. The air is full of laughing and joking and of the noises which the Chinese call singing.

There are male roysterers and females of pleasure. The rest of the city is dark, but the Rua de Jogo blazes with Chinese lanterns. Its stores are open, and gambling signs invite you to "buck the tiger." The talk is of winning and losing. There is an almond-eyed, long-queued man who tells how he won $10,000 last week, and how a Frenchman came here to break the bank and lost four thousand in one night. Listen! He says the man got it all back the next night and $15,000 to boot. The thought stirs the Yankee gambling blood in us, and we look up the house where the money was won.

We go through a well-lighted passage and enter. The ground floor is full of Chinese. That large room at the right is crowded. Yellow men and women are gathered about a long table covered with matting, upon which money and chips and Chinese cards are lying. Look up through that opening which runs to the roof, with galleries at the second and third floors. See the hundreds of anxious almond eyes which are looking down upon the table. Notice their owners as they let down little baskets with strings. Each basket contains the money which its owner wishes to stake. When the game is over they pull up their winnings. As the baskets go down they sing out the number where the money is to be placed, and at the close of each game the bankers shout the numbers which win.

How Fan-Tan Is Played.

In another room they are playing fan-tan in much the same way. Here the betting is all on the number of copper coins under a bowl. The banker takes a couple of handfuls of coins from a pile at one side of the table and covers them with a brass bowl. Later on he will count them in fours, and the betting is as to whether they will come out even or whether one, two or three cash will be left.

The bets flow in from all parts of the room. There are hundreds of dollars upon the table, and the croupier calls "Stop!" He raises the bowl and begins to pull out the coins with two chopsticks, taking four out at a time. He does it so slowly that there is no chance of deception.

The game looks fair, and I put my money on No. 1, only to find that 3 wins the stake. The next time I put it on 2, but luck is against me, and it goes into the pile of the banker. Had I won, I should have gotten three times my stake.

This game of fan-tan is played throughout the Far East. There are different ways of counting, but, of course, the chances are always in favor of the banker. In some games the chances are almost even, but the banker has a commission of 7 per cent on all that passes over the table.

There is a game where the gambler has one chance of winning, two of retaining his stake and one of losing it. This is called ching-tow. If at the close of the count one coin is left, he gets an amount equal his stake; if two or three, he saves his stake, but if four he loses it. Another game allows the gambler one chance of winning double the amount he puts down, two of losing and one of retaining his stake. There is still another where he has a chance of winning three times the amount he puts down and three chances of losing it. The game is in many ways like roulette, although there is no wheel for the rolling ball.

The Chief Gamblers of the World.

The Chinese are among the greatest gamblers of the world. You find gambling-houses in every Chinese colony, in every Chinese city and in every village. The people gamble on the roadside, in the teahouses and on board ship. The steamers which cross the Pacific from San Francisco to Shanghai often carry a thousand or more Chinese in the steerage. They are usually men who have made money in the United States and are going home to spend it. They gamble all the way over. A dozen different games are running at one time, and in some cases the stakes are high.

Upon some of the steamships the officers and sailors come down and join in the gambling, and I have seen Americans, both men and women, sit down with these dirty Chinese to play. During my last trip across the Pacific I saw the agent of one of the big Milwaukee breweries lose $997 at fan-tan, while a very pretty American widow, who was, I fear, not as good as she should be, lost more than $500 in the same way. This woman, as well dressed and as nice looking as any girl you will meet in six months, squatted down in her Paris-made dress on the deck of the steamer with piles of silver dollars before her, risking from $10 to $20 at a time on the cash under the bowl. The sight was a disgraceful one, and the fact that gambling is permitted on steamers carrying the American flag is a disgrace to the United States. The American officers told me that the Chinese must be permitted to gamble or they would take other boats.

Chinese Sporting Houses.

Gambling is forbidden by law in China. There are many people who denounce it, and many who would no more think of gambling than a Presbyterian parson would of betting on a horserace. Gambling, however, is tolerated by the officials, who make money out of it by levying blackmail upon such houses. Indeed, there are gaming shops right at the doors of some of the Government offices. They are to be found in the back and side streets and sometimes in the business streets.

Many sporting houses are conducted by joint stock companies and some by private parties. It is against the law for women to open such houses, but the flower boats of Canton, the most gorgeous palaces of sin to be found in Asia, are accustomed to have such games, and they go on in secret in many such establishments upon land.

Gambling for Meals.

Nearly every other cook shop in China is a gambling shop. Here you risk your money as to whether you will get double the portion you pay for or nothing. Upon some of the restaurant tables are bamboo tubes as big around as a tin cup, and about a foot high, each containing several long sticks of the size of a crochet needle. On the end of each stick are little dots or ink spots similar to those on dice. The man who wants a meal pays so many cash for a chance. The tube is shaken and he pulls out a certain number of the sticks. If the dots on these are winning ones he gets double the amount of his money in food; if not, he gets nothing. I have seen cake peddlers, jingling such sticks on the wharves of Tien-Tsin among the coolies who were unloading the vessels. It was at lunch-time, and each of the laborers had perhaps a cent or two to spend for his lunch. In nine cases out of ten he would bet with the peddler, taking the chance of getting two big cakes or going hungry.

Another method of gambling is with three short sticks. The gambler ties a piece of money to the end of one of the sticks and grasps the three sticks in his hand so that the money is concealed. The gambler fastens an equal amount to the other end of one of the sticks. If he puts it on the stick on which the money of the dealer is he wins; otherwise he loses. In this case the man who runs the game has two chances at winning.

One of the most common ways of betting here is with oranges. You see this going on at the fruit stalls and also in private houses. The bet is on the number of seeds in an orange. Sometimes it is as to whether the number is odd or even, and at others as to the exact number of seeds the orange contains. If at a fruit stand the dealer will pay the lucky guesser five times his debt, but the loser must pay the value of the orange, and also five times as much as he has wagered.

They Fight Quails and Crickets.

There is little gambling on horse racing except at the open ports and at Hong-Kong. Bird fights and insect fights take the places of bull fights and races. There is some chicken fighting in the interior, and almost everywhere there are quail fights and cricket fights.

Quail fighting is done on a table with a little fence about its edge. The fighting quails have been starved for some time. As they are put into the pen a few grains of rice or wheat are laid before them and they at once begin to fight over them. They are trained for the purpose, and a good fighter is worth $100 and upward.

It is the same with the crickets. Their prize rings are little bowls. The crickets have been trained. They seem to understand their master's word, and they are urged on to the combat with straws. Some of them are very fierce, and many will fight until they die. Those which chirp the most loudly are considered the best fighters.

The Chinese understand how to feed and groom the crickets for the fray. They give them honey, boiled chestnuts and boiled rice and certain kinds of fish. They do not allow any one to smoke near them, for they think that tobacco is injurious to them. If the crickets grow sick they feed them upon mosquitoes, and, in certain cases, red ants.

In a cricket fight the insects are weighed before they are put into the ring. They are matched as to size and color. The betting is done just as carefully as at an American horse race. The stakes are held by a committee, which deducts a certain percentage for those who own the fighting houses. During the fight the gamblers grow excited. They scream and yell and hop up and down as one insect gets the better of the other, and go almost mad when one wins.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MRS. LANDER'S RECOLLECTION OF NANCY HANKS.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Mexico, Mo., Jan. 5.—The story told by Mrs. Charles H. Lander, who died and was buried in this city last week, contradicts the inscription on the tombstone over the grave of Mrs. Nancy Hanks Lincoln, near Lincoln City, Ind., and also throws some light on the early history of the President's mother.

According to the epitaph, Mrs. Lincoln died in 1818. Mrs. Lander was born in that year, and claimed to have been personally acquainted with Nancy Hanks, and recalled an interesting incident which occurred when she was a child and Mrs. Lincoln was probably about 30 years old. Mrs. Lander was a devout member of the M. E. Church, South, of this city, and her veracity is not doubted by those who knew her. She was 82 years old at the time of her death.

Mrs. Lander was the daughter of Thomas Rude, and lived near the Lincoln log cabin, in Hardin County, Kentucky. She said she never knew the President's mother by any other name than Nancy Hanks.

Mrs. Lander's Story.

"When I was a little girl my father lived in Hardin County, Kentucky. He had a very large orchard and a drying kiln. Nancy Hanks lived a few miles distant on the John Larue farm. In the fall of the year Nancy would come to our orchard, and, as she was very poor, my father would give her all the apples she wanted to dry. She would come over and dry apples all day and would usually return home in the evening.

"I recall that upon one occasion she remained over night at our house. She came upstairs and got in bed with me. I was a little girl, and didn't like Nancy very much. I remember that we quarreled and I jumped out of bed and ran downstairs to my mother.

"Nancy Hanks was a woman in the humblest ranks of life. She had two children, but I never saw them. She didn't bring them when she came to dry apples. I never heard anything of her marriage.

"Before I left Hardin County Nancy had gone, as I understood, in a movers' wagon to Indiana.

"Her dress, as I knew her, was of homespun woven cotton. She had shoes, but never wore them when working with her fruit. She was tall and angular, and her complexion was dark, perhaps due to exposure to the weather. I think her eyes were hazel and her hair brown."

Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, in her brochure on Nancy Hanks, issued by Doubleday, McClure & Co., says:

"Nancy Hanks was the mother of Abraham Lincoln. She died in 1818, when he was only 9 years of age. Soon after this the future President left the family homestead and struck out for himself, while Thomas Lincoln, his father, drifted from one Illinois town to another, until he finally settled at Goose Nest Prairie, in Coles County. Here he died in 1851 at the age of 73. In his last days he was tenderly cared for by his son, who, after various vicissitudes, had risen to be a well-known lawyer and a prominent politician in Springfield. During all the early manhood and maturity of Abraham Lincoln, father and son had seen little of each other, and so it happened that when the son became the leader of one of the great political parties of the United States during a bitter struggle that culminated in civil war it was discovered that he himself knew little of his family, and did not even possess records to show when and where his father and mother had been married."

The Nancy Hanks monument is near Lincoln City, Ind. It is a matter of record that Abraham Lincoln, until he became President, was too poor to give the burial place of his mother any especial attention, and when he became President his duties were such that all his time was consumed with matters of state. It is said that he stated on more than one occasion, while President, that after the war it was his intention to erect a suitable monument to his mother.

In 1879 Clem Studebaker of South Bend, Ind., a friend of President Lincoln, caused this monument to be erected. It is a plain shaft about 15 feet high, and is inclosed by an iron fence.

The Epitaph.

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN,
MOTHER OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
DIED OCTOBER 5, A. D. 1818.

MRS. MILDRED S. McFADEN has been recently appointed by Governor Stephens to act as one of the commissioners to represent Missouri at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next year. It seems that Mrs. McFaden is the only St. Louis woman on the board. She was born and brought up at Warrenton, Mo.

MARGUERITE A. BURNS of New Mexico, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Percy O. Vandeventer of the National Hotel, East St. Louis.

"JANE EYRE."

W. D. Howells in Harper's Bazar.

IN this as in other essentials "Jane Eyre" is unsparingly human, and when Jane has got away from Rochester, and finds herself unexpectedly among her kindred, and even rich and independent, she does not prefer a loveless marriage, hallowed by the most exalted motives, with her cousin St. John, but elects rather to go back and seek out the man she loves, and when she has found him opportunely widowed by the disaster that has maimed and blinded him, to marry him. She offers no defense, and one must confess that the close of the story is not ideal. No part of the story, in fact, is so good as the beginning, where the hapless little orphan substantiates herself to us in the hard keeping of her cruel aunt and cousins, and in my second reading of the novel I have not been so much moved by the love-making between Jane and Rochester as I must have been when I first read it fifty years ago.

Rochester is of the forceful type of lover, and he seems scarcely so interesting as the plain little governess of his natural daughter thinks him, and as a whole contemporaneous generation of young girls once thought him. He has passed with his kind, and with several successive kinds, but in his time, as I have said, he was a true lover, and he began to be in love with Jane as soon as she with him. He likes her better than the insolent young ladies of his own rank, whom he asks to his house, and with the proudest and coldest of whom he has some thoughts of committing bigamy before he attempts it with Jane. But neither at this time nor at that last time when she seeks him out, blind and maimed, is he so satisfactory in his part of hero as she in hers of heroine. Perhaps a hero who has been both punished and martyred is a little difficult to the imagination, and a hero who is condescending in his love is not much easier.

MYTHS OF HISTORY.—II.

The story of the Amazons has gone into the language and legends of all nations.

These wonderful women are represented in Greek legends as having lived about 350 B. C., in Asia Minor and near the Black Sea. Their mythical capital was Themiscyra. They were warlike and predatory and made hostile incursions against the inhabitants of the coast of Asia Minor, into Attica, Thrace, Scythia and Egypt; and to repel these expeditions Bellerophon was appointed by the King of Lycia, and Hercules by Eurystheus.

We have no account of the numerical strength of the Amazons; but their chief occupation was war, and their arms consisted of the bow and arrow, spear, ax and crescent-shaped shield, and a helmet modeled after that of the Goddess Minerva. They wore a thin dress, girt high for speed, and went to battle under the command of their Queens, who at different periods were Lampedo, Myrina, Hippolyte and Thalestris.

Their neighbors were a nation of men whose country was separated from their own by a chain of mountains. Male children born to the Amazons were sent over the mountains to their fathers, or killed; females were nurtured and trained for hunting and war. That the bow might be bent more conveniently and deftly, their right breasts were removed, ordinarily by fire. Hence they were called Amazons—"breastless."

The Amazons, of course, had no existence and are one of the remarkable myths of history.

The Dred Scott Decision.

A widespread misconception and misquotation exists in regard to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States—Chief Justice Taney, 1856, in the case of Dred Scott, a negro slave, vs. J. F. A. Sandford.

It has been stated times without number in all forms of English speech that in this case Judge Taney decided that "The negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect."

This language was employed by the court to denote the state of public opinion in relation to the negro African race, which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and when the Constitution of the United States was adopted.

Judge Taney says: "They had for more than a century before been regarded as being of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. This opinion was at that time fixed and universal"; and this opinion then prevailing in all civilized portions of the world was referred to by the court to ascertain whether under the Constitution it was competent for one State, by freeing the negro, to make him a citizen of the United States, and endue him with the full rights of citizenship in every other State without its consent. The court did not decide, or claim to decide, that under our Constitution and laws the negro had no rights which the dominant race was bound to respect, but simply that such was "the public opinion of the civilized portion of the world" at the time our Constitution was framed.

The Petticoat Story of the Capture of Jeff Davis.

Soon after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, one of the modern myths, which has attracted wide attention and which many accept as a historical truth, arose. It is a myth, founded on a misapprehension or willful misstatement of the facts of the case. That Davis was captured by United States soldiers, near Irwinville, Ga., on May 10, 1865, and afterwards imprisoned in Fortress Monroe for nearly two years, is true. Nevertheless, the account of the episode that connects Mr. Davis with an attempt to escape disguised in his wife's clothes, or hoop skirt, is untrue and does injustice to the memory of the dead chieftain.

Briefly, the facts are these:

"On Sunday, April 2 1865, while President Davis was seated quietly in his pew in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Richmond, Va., he received official information that General Lee's lines before Petersburg had been broken, and that it was necessary for the Confederate Government to evacuate Richmond. On that night he left the city. On April 3, he reached Danville, Va., where he remained until tidings came of the surrender of General Lee's army. We next find him at Greensboro, N. C., where he held a consultation with Generals Johnston and Beauregard. On April 18, he arrived at Charlotte, in the same State. Here he remained nearly a week, and during his stay, received intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln."

Following is an extract from ex-President Davis's autobiography in Belford's Magazine, Mr. Davis says:

"After General Lee was forced to surrender and General Johnston consented to do so, I started, with a very few of the men who volunteered to accompany me, for the trans-Mississippi; but, fearing on the road that marauders were pursuing my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but knew to be en route to the Florida coast, I changed my direction, and, after a long and hard ride, found them encamped and threatened by a robbing party. To give them the needed protection, I traveled with them for several days, until in the neighborhood of Irwinville, Ga., when I supposed I could safely leave them. But hearing about nightfall that a party of marauders were to attack the camp that night, and, supposing them to be pillaging deserters from both armies, and that the Confederates would listen to me, I awaited their coming, lay down in my traveling clothes, and fell asleep. Late in the night, my colored coachman aroused me with the intelligence that the camp was attcked, and I stepped out of the tent, where my wife and children were sleeping, and saw at once that the assailants were troops deploying around the encampment. I so informed my wife, who urged me to escape. After some hesitation, I consented, and a servant-woman started with me carrying a bucket, as if going to the spring for water. One of the surrounding troops ordered me to halt, and demanded my surrender. I advanced toward the trooper, throwing off a shawl which my wife had put over my shoulders. The trooper aimed his carbine, when my wife, who had witnessed the act, rushed forward and threw her arms around me, thus defeating my intention, which was, if the trooper missed his aim, to try and unhorse him and escape with his horse."

I quote from General Harsden's boook, as follows:

"It appears that when the fighting began Mr. Davis was sleeping in his tent. Alarmed at the noise, he hastily arose and threw a shawl or dressing gown around him, and started out, but meeting a soldier, was stopped and ordered back into his tent."

"The fighting here referred to was between two detachments of Northern troops, Wisconsin and Michigan cavalry, who, in the darkness of early morning, fired into each other. Later, in Harsden's account, in a chapter of 'Questions Answered,' he says:

"How was Davis dressed?

"He wore a common slouched hat, nice fine boots, no spurs, coat and pants of light blue English broadcloth. Taking all circumstances into consideration, he was neatly dressed."

"How did the hoopskirt story get started?"

"When we got back to Macon, General Wilson sent for me and made me tell him all about my pursuit and the incidents of the capture of Davis. The General insisted upon every particular, as how he appeared, how he was dressed, etc. After narrating all, I told him that I heard the soldier who halted him say that when Davis came out of his tent he had his wife's shawl on. This remark of mine was telegraphed North, and when it came back it had apparently grown into its well-known proportions."

Last Words of John Quincy Adams.

Richard W. Thompson of Indiana died February 9, 1900, at his home in Terre Haute, in that State, aged about 80 years. He was a very distinguished citizen, for he had been for many years a Whig representative to Congress, and from 1877 to 1881 Secretary of the Navy in President Hayes's Cabinet.

Charles B. Landis, one of the present Republican Congressmen from Indiana, not long since related an account of a visit he made Mr. Thompson during his last illness. Mr. Landis says:

"I had asked him about John Quincy Adams, when the latter was a member of the lower house. After he had answered, he said:

"'Landis, I haven't much longer to live, and I want to make a little confession to you. It is not important, perhaps, but I am the only one living who knows the secret, and I think I shall feel better to know that I have told it. I was in the house when John Quincy Adams had the attack of apoplexy in February, 1848, which resulted in his death two days later. I was one of the four who carried him into the Speaker's room. He never regained consciousness. After his death we who carried him out of the house met and questioned one another until each confessed that he had not heard Mr. Adams say anything after we picked him up. In those days the last words of great men had an interest which does not attach to last utterances in this age. And so it was agreed that, in as much as Mr. Adams had no chance to say anything for himself, we would make some last words for him, commensurate with his worth.

"'I was selected to formulate something suitable. It was no easy task, but I finally reported as his last words: "This is the last of earth." One of the four who helped to carry him out replied: "I am content." These last words were not intended to be credited to Mr. Adams. The member who said "I am content" meant that he was satisfied with my report, but I did not so understand him at the time. I thought that the words were intended as a sort of amendment, and added them. As they seemed quite appropriate, we concluded to let them stand, and there they are as they have been quoted for fifty years. This is the last of earth; I am content.'"

Mr. Adams never uttered the words, and they constitute to-day one of the myths of biography. WILLIAM F. SWITZLER.

Walter Williams Teaches the Largest Sunday-School Class in the State.

The largest Sunday school class in the State, 200 strong, is taught by Mr. Walter Williams. The class is largely recruited from the students at the State University, Columbia. Mr. Williams is a member of the Presbyterian Church. He is the editor of the Columbia Missouri Herald.

Members of his class are quoted in Columbia as saying that they prefer his Sunday morning lectures to the sermons of the ministers. Evidently he has some warm friends among them. The 200 young people who listen to Mr. Williams do not all belong to his church. By no means. They are of all denominations, and all find much pleasure and profit because of their membership in the banner Sunday school class of Missouri.